

GETTING

EDITORIAL

It would seem as if the winter blues have come to Westview. At first it was merely a few grumbles in the halls but now it is affecting a large portion of the student body. We too have been affected by these 'blues' and this issue takes a rather bleak outlook on life. Never-the-less it makes for very interesting reading, and maybe like Charlie Brown you'll cheer up just by knowing you are not alone with your blues.

P.S. That mumble-jumble that came over the P.A. system one morning was ours. All we were trying to say was "Help us get better, put your thoughts in the box."

BETTER

And then as quickly as it started, it stopped.
No one had really been tricked

or deceived

The truth was there all the time!

Why couldn't you accept it?

You make believe and let your imagination work overtime,
All the time.

Time to think, a change of plan, your ego trip is over.
The hollow brain is deflated.
It did not work like in the movies.

Sometimes the cold outside is warmer than the cold inside,
You begin to walk and think in deep contemplation.
Why me?

Why us?

Why me?

The streetlight is not bright enough
To penetrate the shadows of your mind,
And even if it were,
It would not light the caverns of your emotions.
Can you face the conflict?
Can you help yourself?
See the light and save yourself

Philip Giglio

"RETREAT"

To confer secretly;
Or to use flattery and deceit.
You are a collective bargaining woman,
With people you re-meet.

You're like a clipping bureau
That deserts when trouble begins.
You remind me of.....

"A ring-tailed Lemur!"

J.D.

SOME MEN WILL LAUGH

A tear...A drop of sorrow; fallen grief
That glides to its death--nothing left to chance.
Filled with the sting of an empty heart
Penetrating into my soul,
A dark cavernous swelling--a disease,
A place where light does not go

And when this is gone, what is there left?
Only a deeper loneliness that grows
An inner death that malignantly shows
Not its face--for it is hideous and ugly.
And so it goes unnoticed. And friends laugh.

Where will I find the strength?
In school? Those dusty corridors of fleetless time.
In God who show not His face?
In my fellowman? Whose lives are a weapon of war.
In myself?....Is that the answer?

No, let the mighty forces of nature sweep me asunder
Let them look and think that I am different
Oh, if they only knew
That a man dies more than once
But he must wait his turn.

G.P.

It was everything we painted, in not so bright colours.
We tried to save you, but for the greater part
You were more comfortable in your grey flannel suit.
Yes, we tried to save you for our own ideas
But you felt you owed them a dozen favours.
We tried to dust the fragments onto another shelf.

In other words we had hoped to make you see,
There was a better way to living.

Well, Mr. Outsider Insider, how do you face your bay window dawn?

Kevin Sparrow

A single cloud had laid bare its concealed nucleus
Across the deserted battlefield,
Among the fallen banners and the dead he strode,
His head raised in prayer towards the sky so blue and beautiful.
His eyes burning ambers, pleading
Like empty hollows before the glorious sunrise
Asking forgiveness, hearing the quiet of the dead,
The empty nostrils, the wind.
One survivor, a culture dead,
Looking to the heavens, expecting a reply,
An answer.
Once great stallions, feeling sorrow,
Something human; nudging their limp masters.
Once heroes, once praised;
All of them in one jar now,
All of them dead,
One living.
His brown robes flowed easily with the wind
Unlike the metal and mesh around him.
Only the banners moved, dead to begin with,
And dead now--no loss, no gain.
Their valiant insignias, brilliant colours;
Fluttering in the breeze-alive!
Listen;
Among the acreage----
Beauty torn away amidst the savage bravery
Men are accustomed to----
Among the ruin he knelt and felt something inside,
An obligation, something he had to do.
Never lowering his eyes
To the wretchedness and the blood,
The dead, the once-loved,
Looking meaninglessly to an unanswering, unmarked sky;
Always perfect, always beautiful.
His rosary a toy
His prayers,
words,
His cause a joke!
Men once lived
And cherished the fruits of nature,
Loving themselves, then their neighbours.
Men undaunted by science,
Only its tools
Men oblivious to law,
Only its puppets.
And men adhering to a God;
Once his crusaders,
Now his dead.

Finally he arises and leaves the unpleasantness,
His soul tortured by opposing forces.
Humanity cries out to his vocation for love;
Humanity the cloud; vocation the nucleus
The cloud disperses
And travels the endless journey in search of rebirth.
But to be reborn is torture
And torture is pain;
Love is pain
But death holds no regrets.

Kevin Sparrow

Sipping coffee

Endlessly drinking coffee

And then smoking another cigarette

What comes next?

GETTING

CHRISTMAS IS?

Joy. - T.F.

FUn. - J.F.

Christ. - B.W.

A very short candle. - r.p.

Giving and not getting. - C.B.

A time which is now only remembered in my childhood. It's a season basically for young children, now I feel I missed something of that imaginary Christmas spirit and I long to have it back. - Y.B.

A traditional manifestation of peace

A burning amber which constantly dies. - G.P.

A terrible fime for a person who just found out that there is no thing as Santa Claus. - J.B.

Editor's Note

Well here we are again, with another issue of "Getting Better". I hope everybody has noticed our box in the cafetorium and will now feel free to put your feelings on paper.

Since this issue will be the last before the holidays, the entire "Getting Better" staff would like to wish our readers every Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

BETTER

MY SCHOOL AND WHY I LOVE IT

School, school, what a drag
Don't bother to dress
just wear rags.

The teachers try
To make your head full
of all this stuff
I just call bull -

The teachers try
To make you learn
of inside things
like guts of worms.

And after they shout
and yell and scream
they expect you're dirty
mind to come clean.

So finally you're sent
to the offices for hell,
one day later
you learn you're expelled.

And the teachers think
You're a little brat
And you think the teachers
are big fat rats.

So one day you decide to quit
from the rats and brats or take a fit
And when your dad screams at you
Why!
You just say "I had to - or I'd die."

R.D.
9B

Round cylinders
falling.
Down!
infinity

L.J.

A PROGRESSIVE POEM

Sometimes I feel like writing
The garbage everyone is giving
me is expensive
like an ice cube in milk
a radio at a dance
I can't see you
or hear your voice
it's all been said before
I cannot conceive
having your love
What am I in the eyes of my friends
What am I in the eyes of my enemies (ha!)
I would rather have enemies
I know what enemies are after

Peanut-butter bread and Pop
the diet of a self-conscious person
Steady eating,
nothing else to do
See the funny picture or hear
the metal sound
That one is me
that one too
I am a peacock blue and have been
born therefore I stand in this line
Or on it
or under it
or inside it

Should I or shouldn't I
little games
they comprise the puzzle
careful what you say
you may hurt her feelings
continuity
keep talking
entertain
sell yourself
the product is defective

Run with me
hold my hand
take care of my mind
you hold the key to my emotions
What you may find may scare you
you excite my soul
New horizons
reach for the apple
we can eat it
enjoy love
life
How could he understand?
He was always alone
internally alone
Oh, my God
This is Sunday.

P.A.G,

MY DEFORMED ANGEL

My deformed angel arrived with
a squeak
She twisted and tangled her
legs and feet
I just stood there dumbfounded
What have I done?
I guess out of millions this is
the one
A gift from Hell,
blurted my wife
we deserted our child
but we gave it life.

P.A.G.

People crowding.
People arguing!
People living.
People working.
People lying!
This is life.

L.J.

Life drips from the blade,
Death runs supreme.
for Death never comes!
for Life never comes.

L.J.

Radiation;
of morning light.
Brought Death.

L.J.

Life is endless
Life ends.
Life is death.

L.J.

THE PAUSE OF MR. CLAUSE

There¹s this queer old man in a bright red suit
Who freezes his nose and looks so cute.
On Christmas Eve he hollers with tell
Waved goodbye and kisses farewell.

His language consists of groovy and cool
In front of the parents he⁹ll look like a fool.
?Cause he has 1;;rag hair and a bushy beard
But among the good people, there is cheer.

Before he leaves he shoots some speed
Feels sorry for his reindeer and gives them some feed.
He screams and chuckles as his journey starts
And when he⁹s finished his cold feet feel kind of smart.

He smokes a pipe with which he can cope
Enjoys himself cause its full of dope.
He sits there contemplating in doubt
Smiles warmly, takes a puff, then passes out.

J.B.